IDW
BBC
DOCTOR WHO
#3 • CVR A
SEIFERT
BOND
THE DOCTOR
AND THE NURSE
PART 1 OF 2

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The Doctor and the Nurse

The Doctor is an alien, the last of the powerful Time Lords. He is an intrepid traveller through time and space, armed only with his incredible intelligence and his fix-anything sonic screwdriver. He travels alone except for the human companions he befriends, briefly sharing his life with them and showing them the astonishing wonders of the universe.

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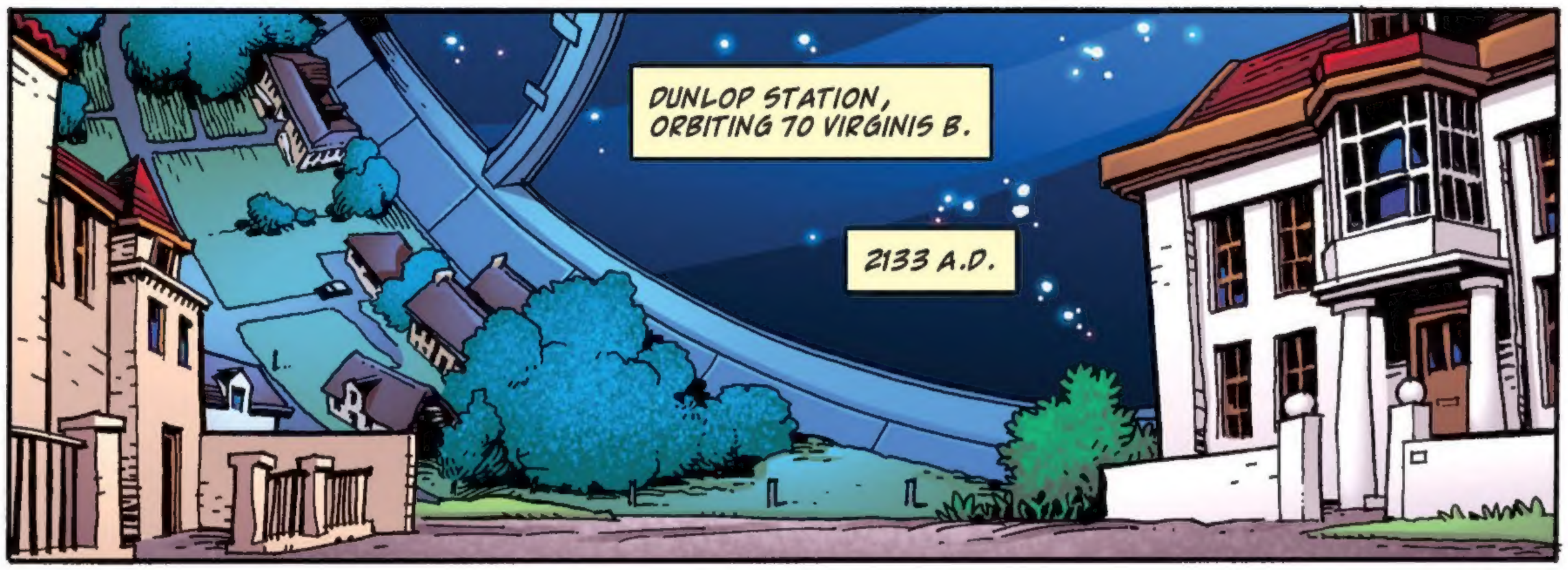
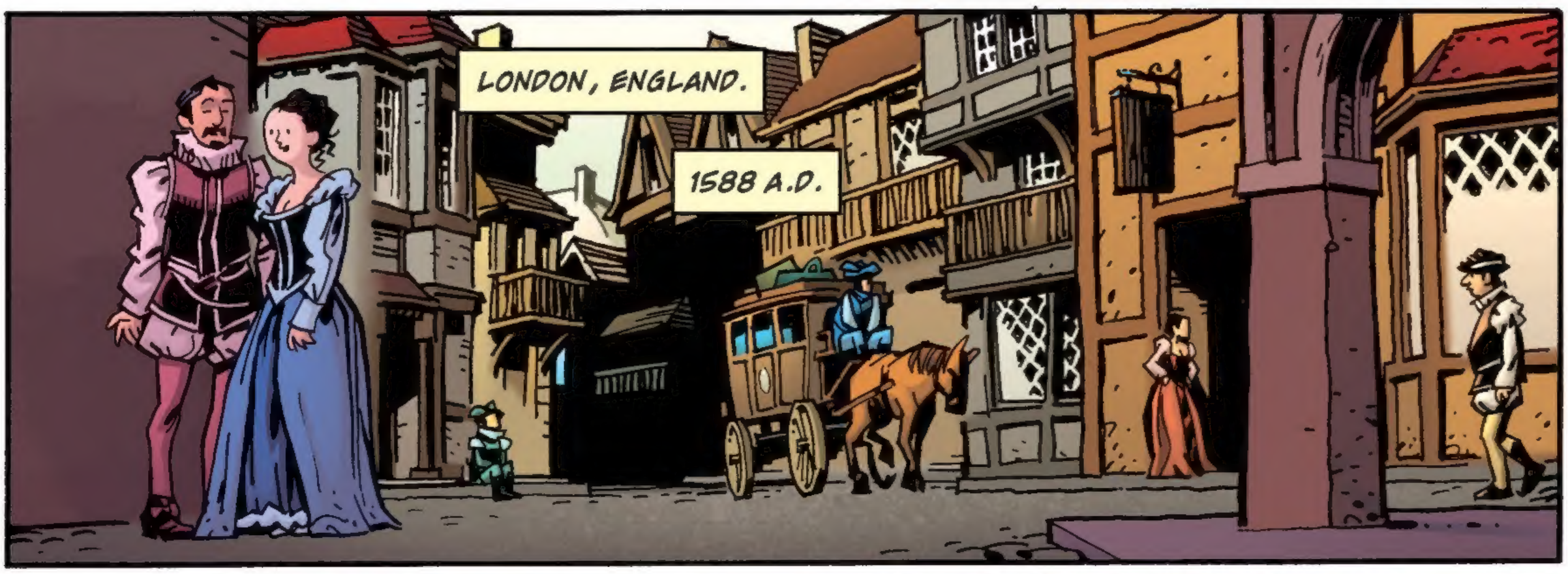

DUNLOP STATION,
ORBITING 70 VIRGINIS B.
2133 A.D.

VWORP
VWORP

ICE TELEPHONE
FREE
FOR USE OF
PUBLIC
VICE & ASSISTANCE
AINABLE IMMEDIATELY
OFFICERS & CARS
POND TO ALL CALLS

LICE TELEPHONE
FREE
FOR USE O
PUBLIC
NO!
ADVICE & ASSISTANCE
TAINABLE IMMEDIATELY
OFFICERS & CARS
ESPOND TO ALL CALLS
TO OPEN

VWORP
VWORP


LONDON, ENGLAND.
1588 A.D.

VWORP VWORP
NEIGHHHHH!

POLICE TELEPHONE
FREE
FOR USE OF
PUBLIC

FREE
PUBLIC
PULL TO OPEN
NO.

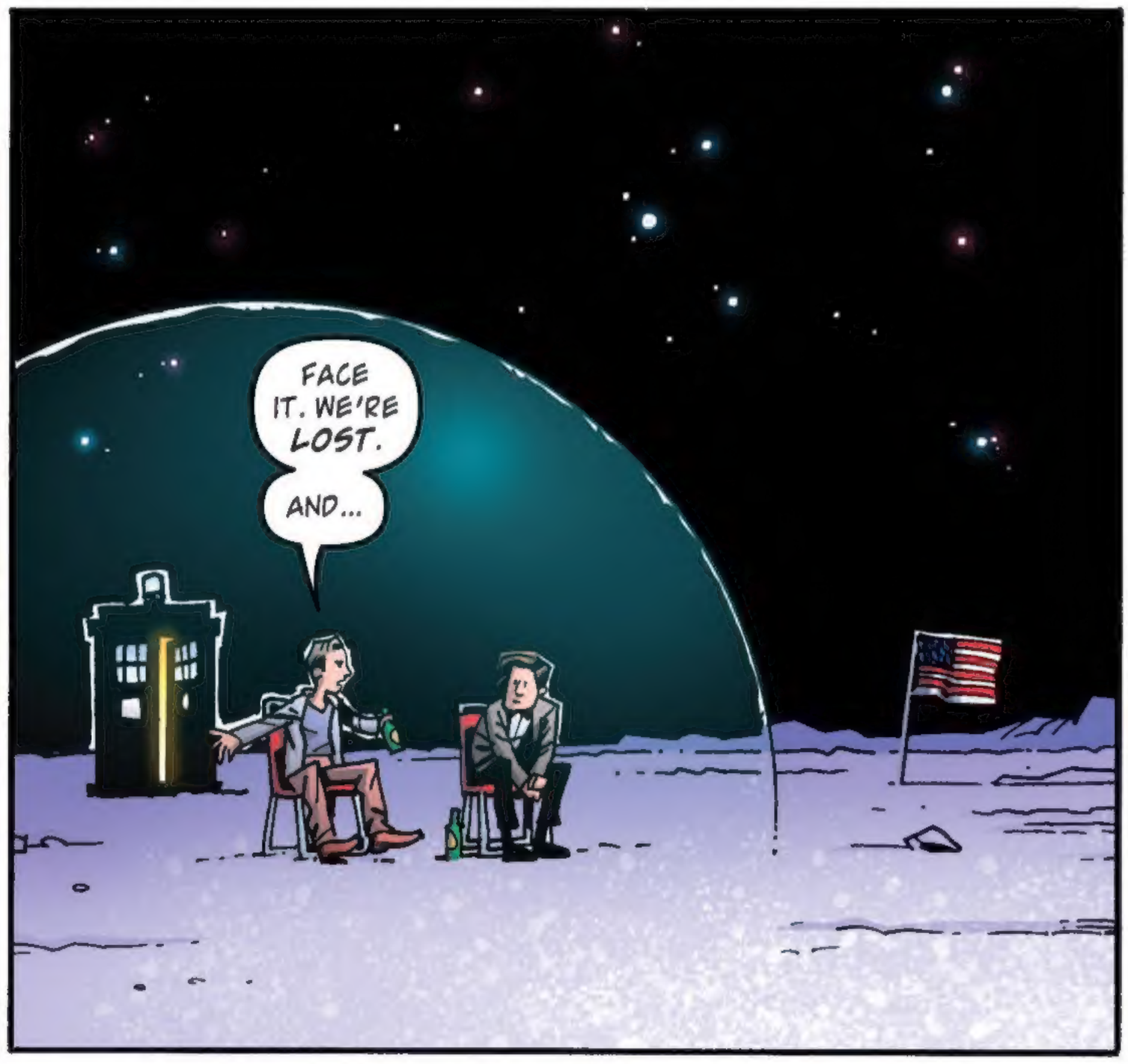
VWORP VWORP

NO.

NO.

NO.

NOOOO.

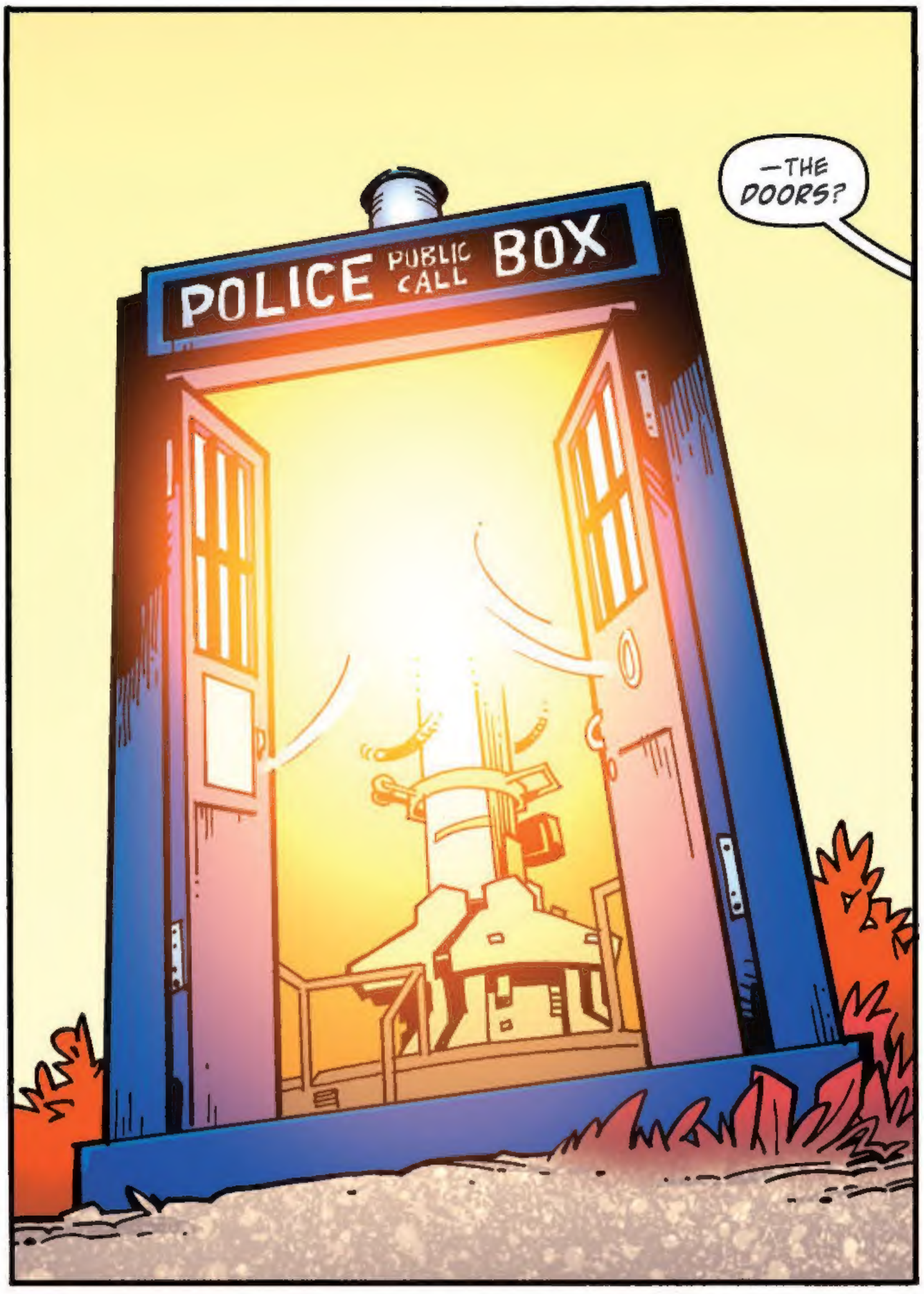

FACE IT. WE'RE LOST.
AND...

...SHE'S GOING TO KILL US.

HIPPONENSIS 3.
7213 A.D.
A FEW HOURS BACK.
RORY—
—BY SOME CHANCE—
—DID YOU HAPPEN TO—

—LOCK THE TARDIS WHEN YOU LEFT?
MAYBE? BUT WE—
—DON'T HAVE TIME TO—

—UNLOCK—


POLICE PUBLIC CALL BOX
—THE DOORS?

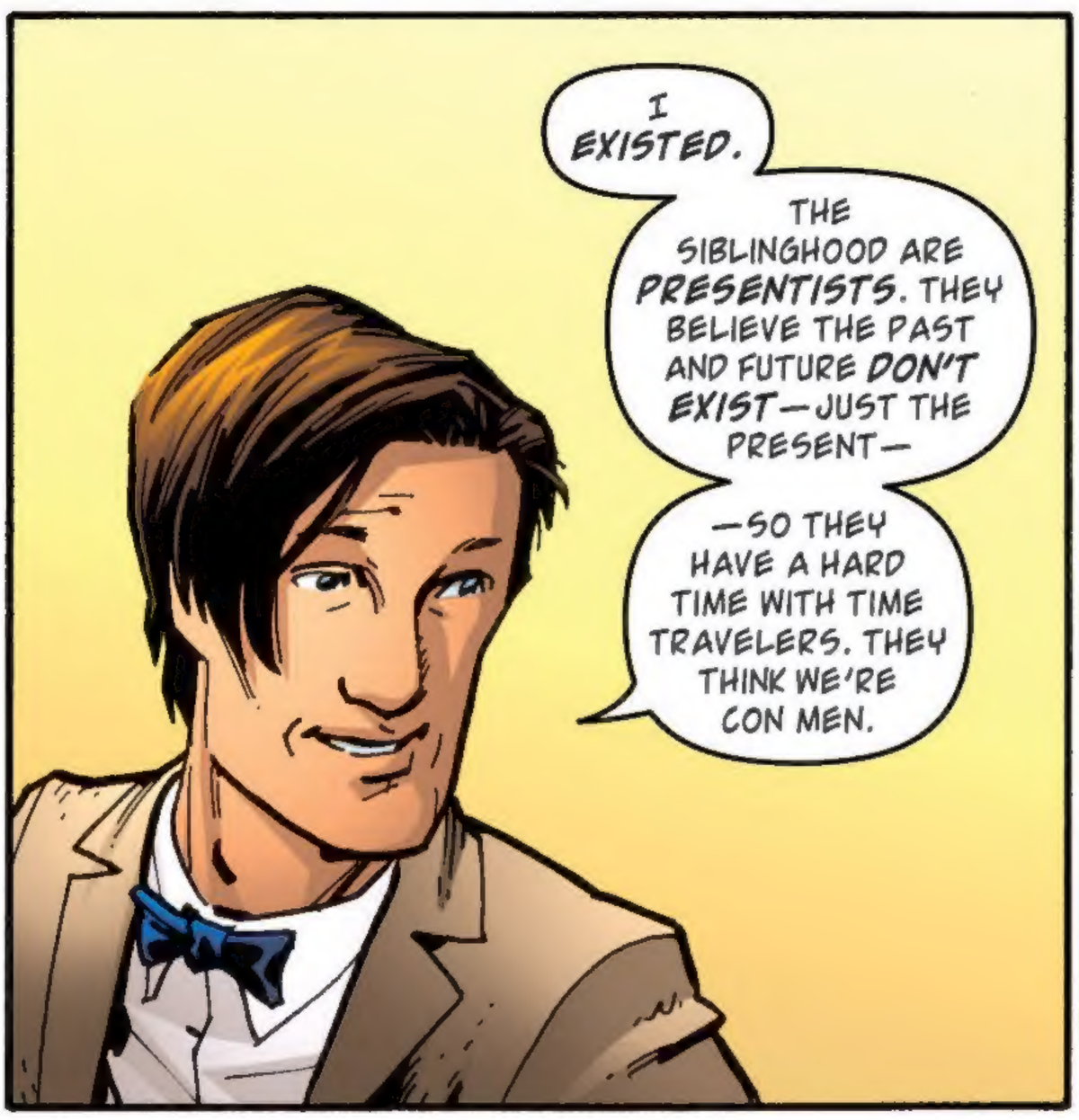
'CHRONOMAGNETIC PULSE!'

'WHAT, LIKE AN ELECTROMAGNETIC PULSE, FOR FRYING ELECTRONICS—

'—ONLY WITH 'CHRONOS'? WHAT'S THAT DO?'

FOR...
...UM.

SORRY, FALSE ALARM!
I THOUGHT FOR SURE THAT WAS GOING TO GET EXCITING...
AND WHAT, EXACTLY, DID YOU DO TO MAKE THIS 'SIBLINGHOOD' SO CROSS?


I EXISTED.
THE SIBLINGHOOD ARE PRESENTISTS. THEY BELIEVE THE PAST AND FUTURE DON'T EXIST—JUST THE PRESENT—
—SO THEY HAVE A HARD TIME WITH TIME TRAVELERS. THEY THINK WE'RE CON MEN.

HUH. WHAT ARE THE ODDS THAT WE'D RUN INTO THEM?
OH, QUITE HIGH REALLY. THEY OWN THE PLANET.

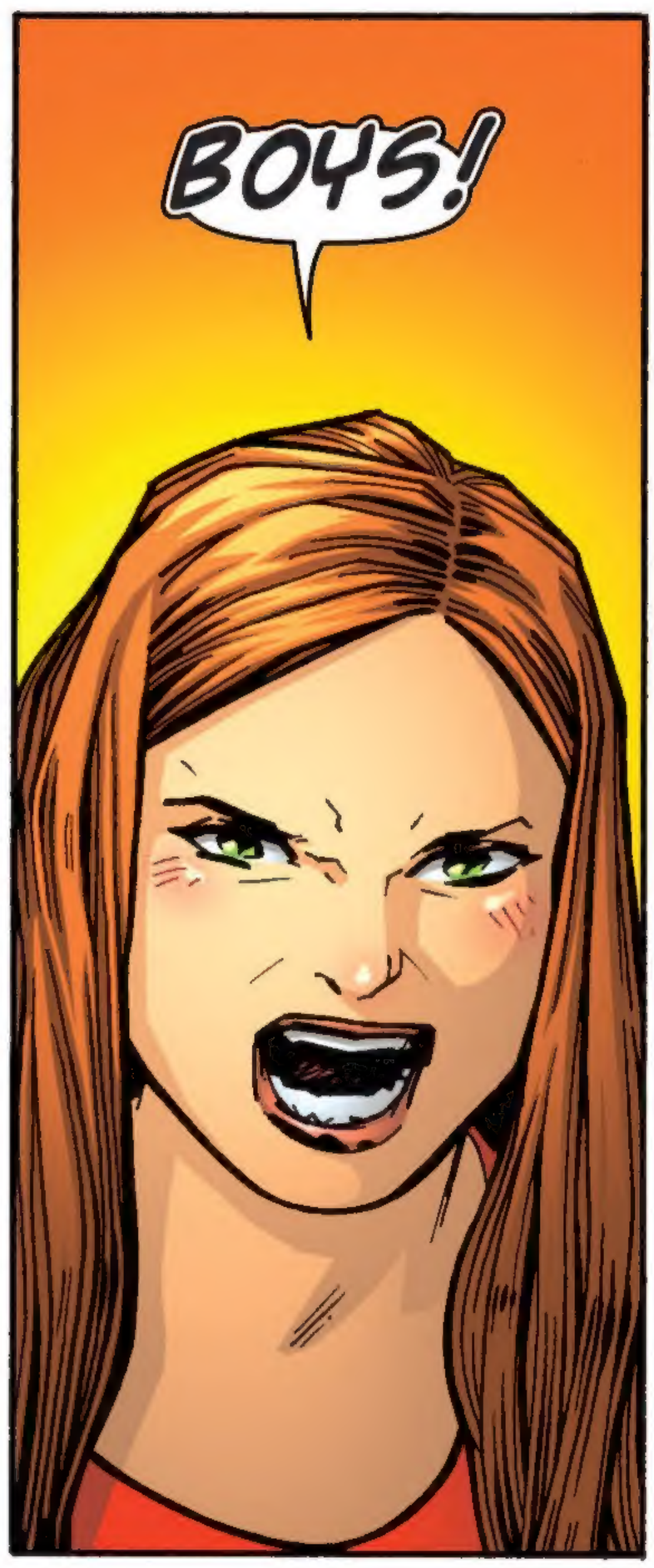
HOLD ON.
YOU MEAN YOU TOOK US FOR A 'NICE, RELAXING HOLIDAY,' IN YOUR TIME MACHINE, TO A PLANET OF MONKS—

—WHO HATE PEOPLE WITH TIME MACHINES?
WELL, WHEN YOU PUT IT LIKE THAT IT SOUNDS—

IRRESPONSIBLE? NEGLIGENT? EXTREMELY DANGEROUS?
HOLD UP—
THIS WAS YOUR FAULT!

BOYS.
MY FAULT? I DIDN'T INVENT THEIR RELIGION!
AND I—I PROBABLY WON'T TRAVEL BACK IN TIME AND INVENT IT AT SOME FUTURE—
EVERY 'RELAXING HOLIDAY' YOU TAKE US ON ENDS UP BEING NEARLY FATAL! WHAT IS IT WITH YOU? DO YOU HAVE A DEATH WISH?

BOYS.
IT'S ALSO NOT MY FAULT THAT YOU'RE SOOOO DULL!
IF IT WERE UP TO YOU, ALL OUR TRIPS WOULD BE TO UPPER LEADWORTH!
BETTER UPPER LEADWORTH THAN THE—THE 'PLANET OF THE INNOCUOUS-LOOKING BUT VERY LETHAL'—


BOYS!

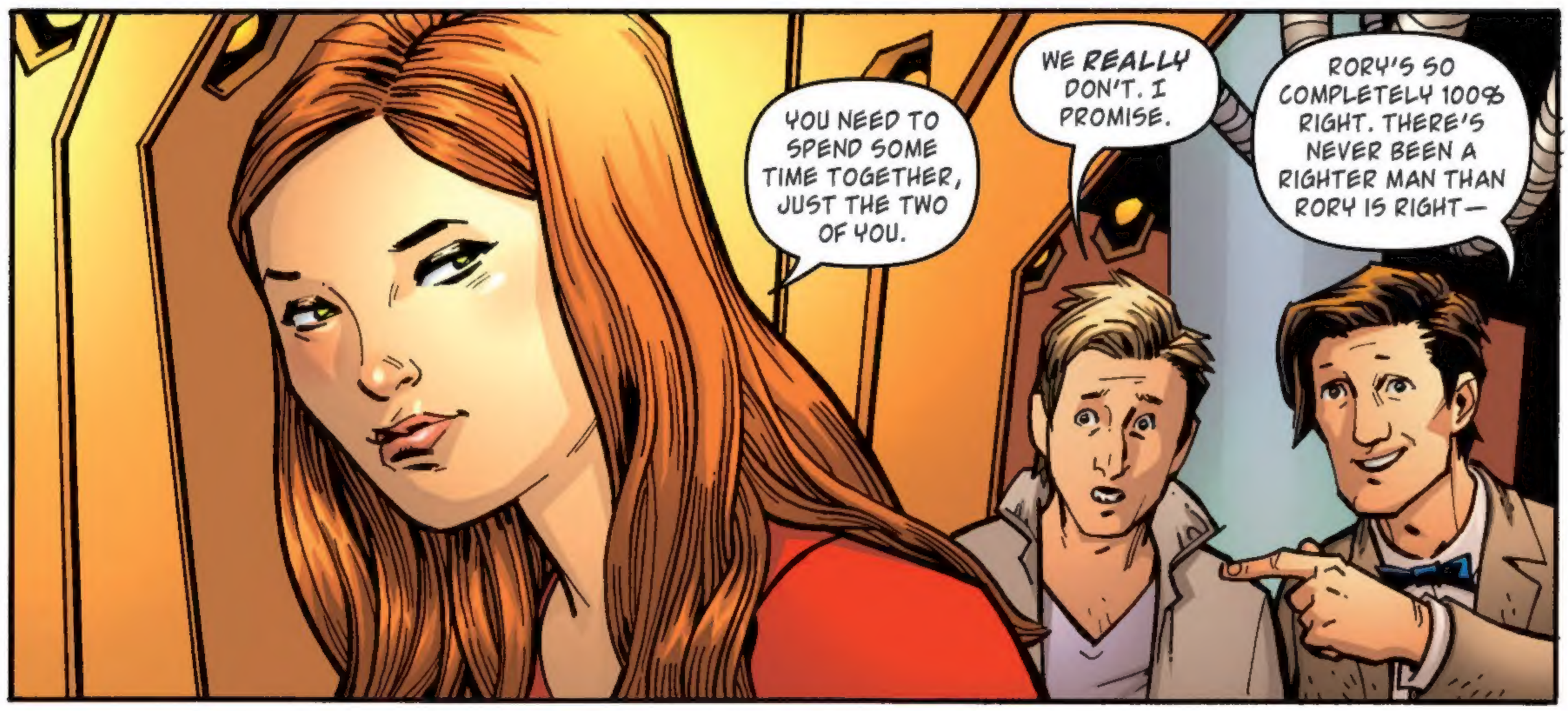
I AM SO SICK OF YOUR BICKERING!
WHATEVER PROBLEM YOU TWO HAVE WITH EACH OTHER—YOU NEED TO GET OVER IT!

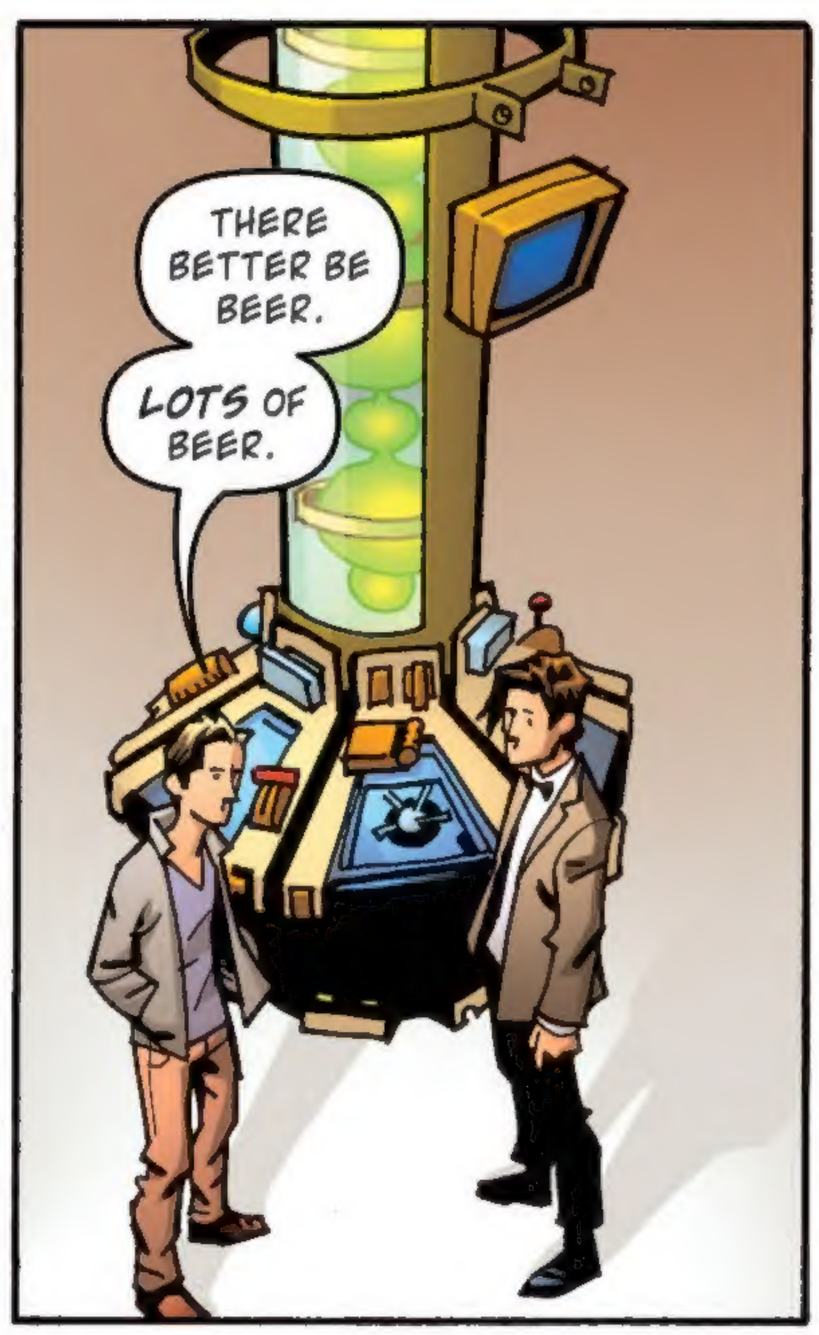
I KNOW YOU DON'T TRUST THE DOCTOR THE WAY I DO—
WHY WOULD I? IT'S NOT LIKE—
BUT YOU DIDN'T TRAVEL WITH HIM LIKE I DID.

OH. OH! OHHHH!
THAT MUST BE THE PROBLEM!
I HAD PLENTY OF TIME TO GET TO KNOW THE DOCTOR, BEFORE YOU JOINED US—

WHEN YOU RAN AWAY WITH HIM THE NIGHT BEFORE OUR WEDDING, YOU MEAN?
DON'T CHANGE THE SUBJECT.
YOU AND THE DOCTOR—YOU'VE NEVER GOTTEN TO KNOW EACH OTHER, WITHOUT ME AROUND. I'VE BEEN IN THE WAY OF YOU BONDING!

THAT'S... RIDICULOUS. THE DOCTOR AND I— WE'VE TOTALLY 'BONDED.'
WE'RE CHUMS. WE'RE—
—WE'RE PRACTICALLY CHUMS.


YOU NEED TO SPEND SOME TIME TOGETHER, JUST THE TWO OF YOU.
WE REALLY DON'T. I PROMISE.
RORY'S SO COMPLETELY 100% RIGHT. THERE'S NEVER BEEN A RIGHTER MAN THAN RORY IS RIGHT—


THERE BETTER BE BEER.
LOTS OF BEER.

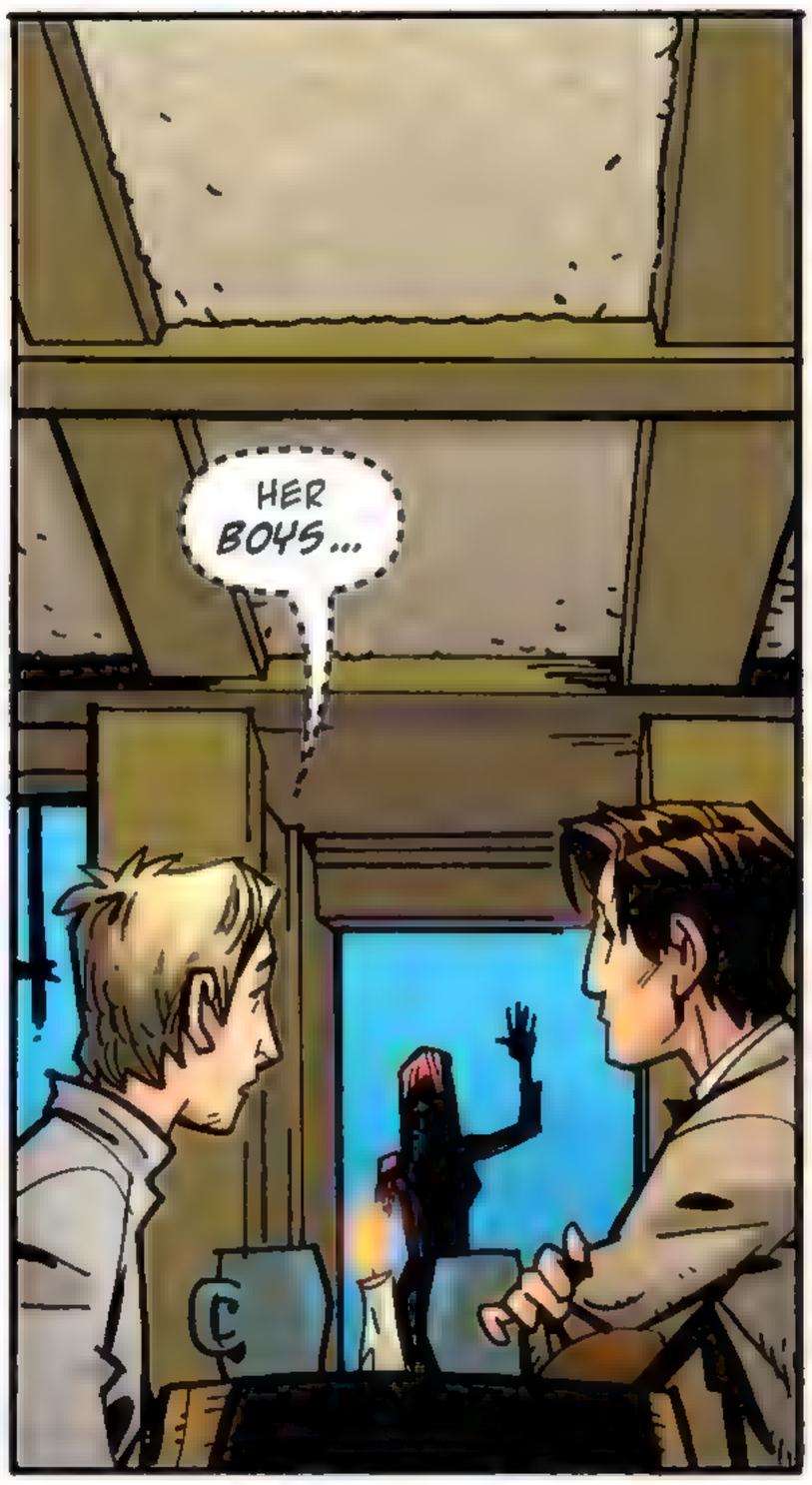
'WHAT'LL YOU DO? WHILE THE DOCTOR AND I...
Lots of beer
'...UH, WHILE WE DRINK?'

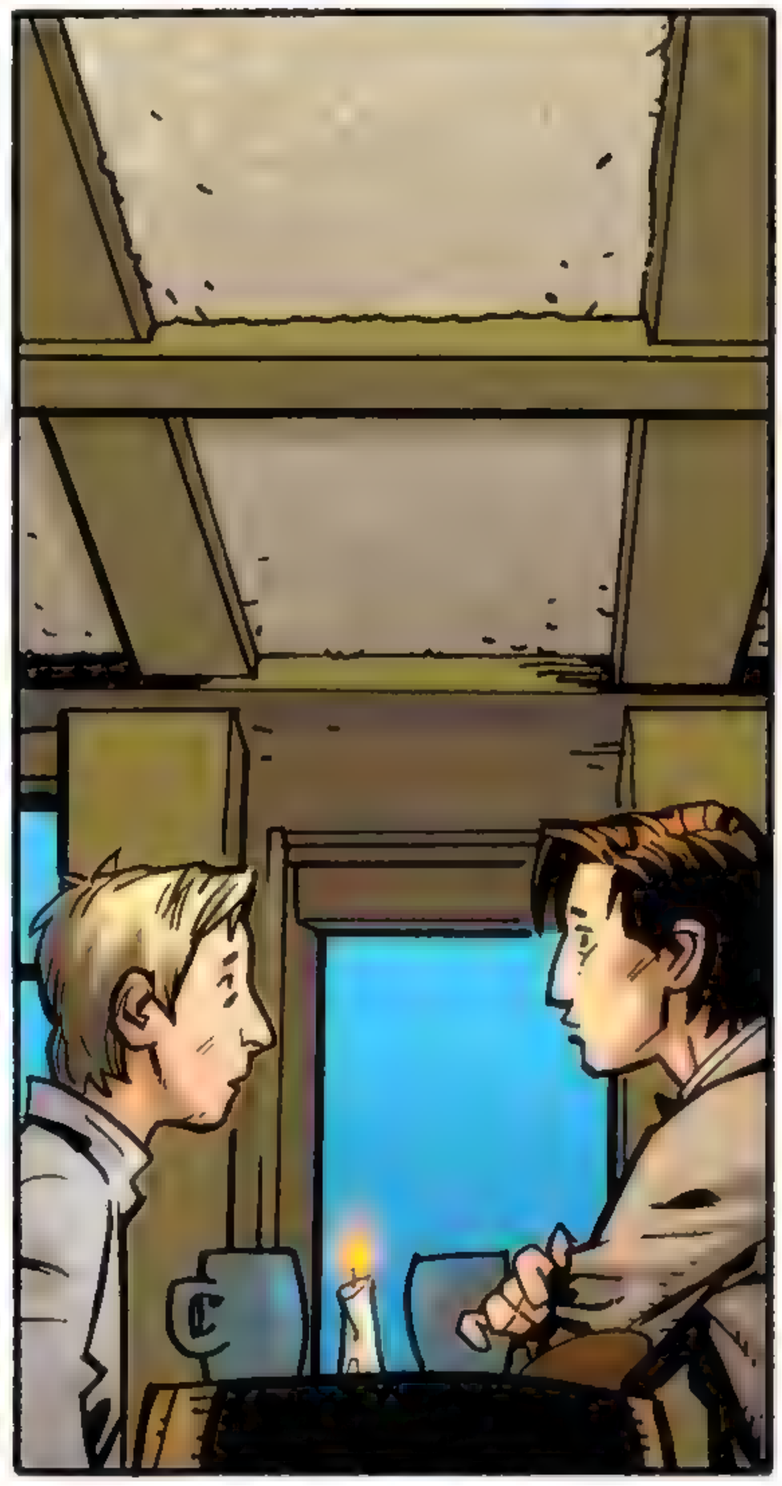
LONDON, ENGLAND.
1814.
I'LL SIGHTSEE! THERE'S GOT TO BE LOTS OF REALLY AMAZING STUFF TO LOOK AT!
WHAT, IN 1814? IT'S NOT WHAT YOU'D CALL A SUPERINTERESTING YEAR! NORWAY GETS INDEPENDENCE. NAPOLEON GETS EXILED— BUT HE COMES BACK NEXT YEAR.
YOU'LL PROBABLY GET BORED STRAIGHT AWAY—

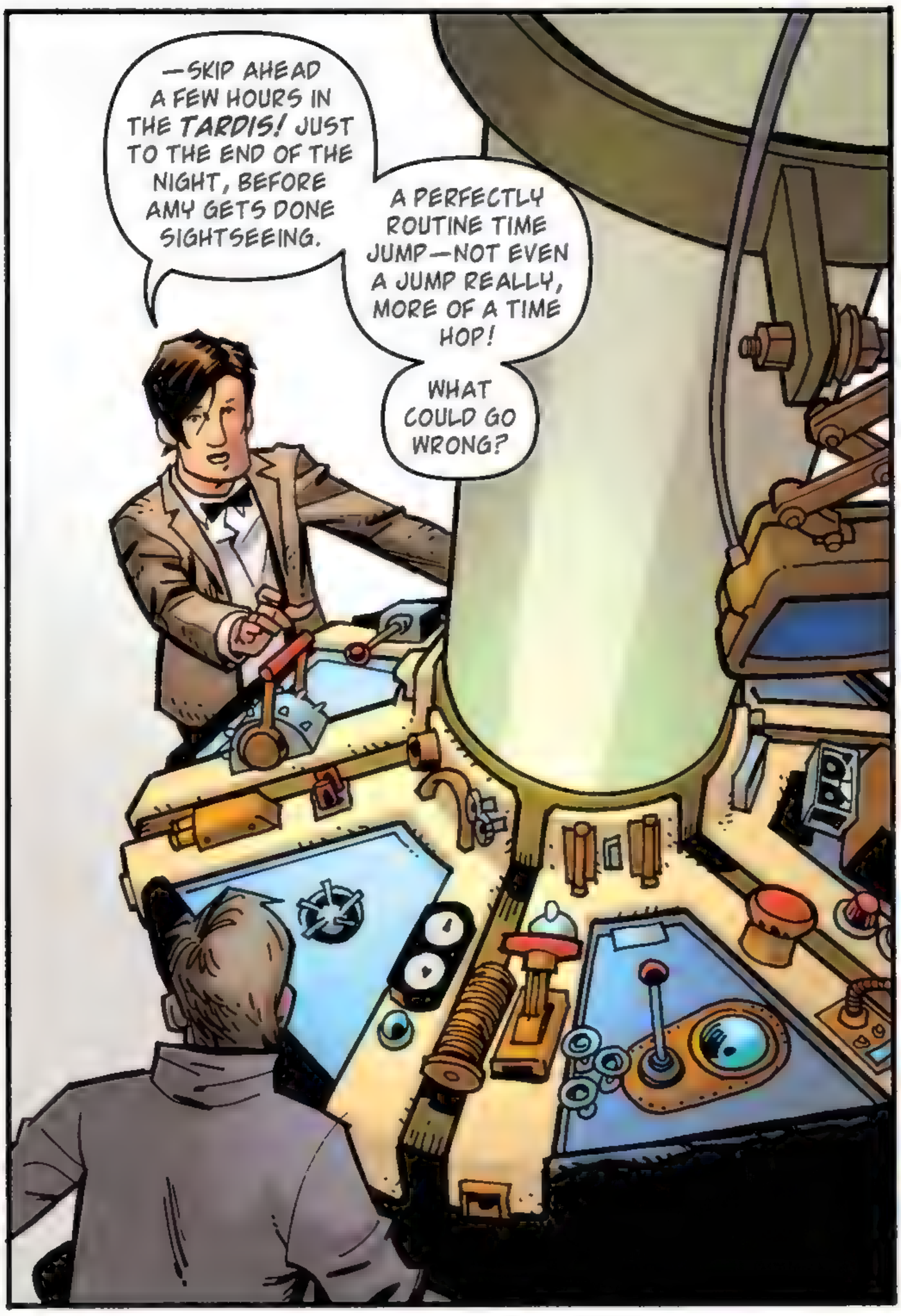
—HOLD ON. 1814 AND PUBS? WHY DOES THAT RING A BELL? A LOUD, ALARM-LIKE BELL? THERE'S SOMETHING—
OH, SHUSH!

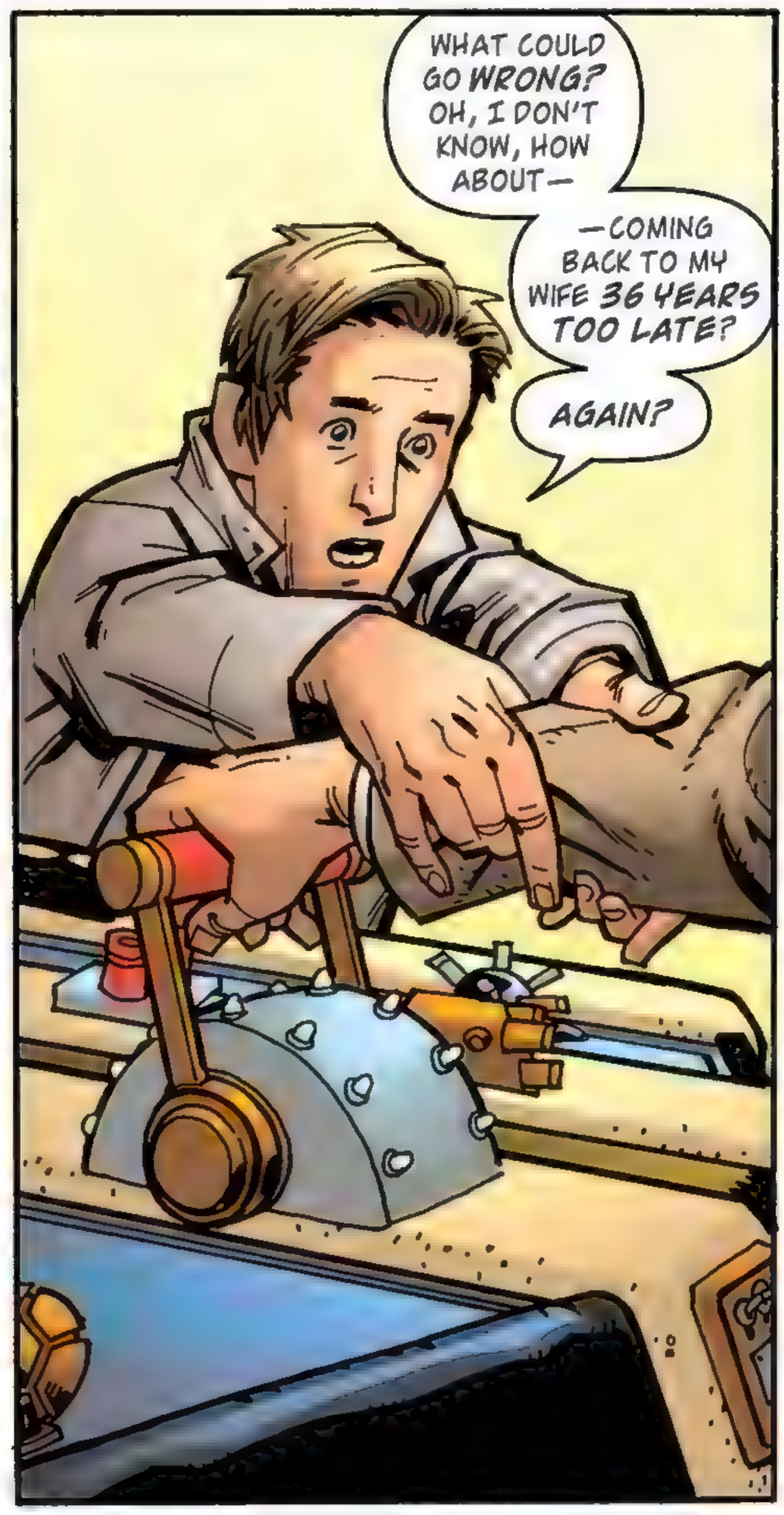
HOW VERY—
—HISTORICAL. WELL, THIS IS WHERE THE TARDIS TOOK US—IT'LL HAVE TO DO!

AMY, PLEASE—THIS REALLY ISN'T NECESSARY—
I KNOW YOU'LL HAVE FUN—IF YOU JUST LET YOURSELVES.
YOU'RE MY BOYS!


HER BOYS...




—SKIP AHEAD A FEW HOURS IN THE TARDIS! JUST TO THE END OF THE NIGHT, BEFORE AMY GETS DONE SIGHTSEEING.
A PERFECTLY ROUTINE TIME JUMP—NOT EVEN A JUMP REALLY, MORE OF A TIME HOP!
WHAT COULD GO WRONG?


WHAT COULD GO WRONG? OH, I DON'T KNOW, HOW ABOUT—
—COMING BACK TO MY WIFE 36 YEARS TOO LATE?
AGAIN?

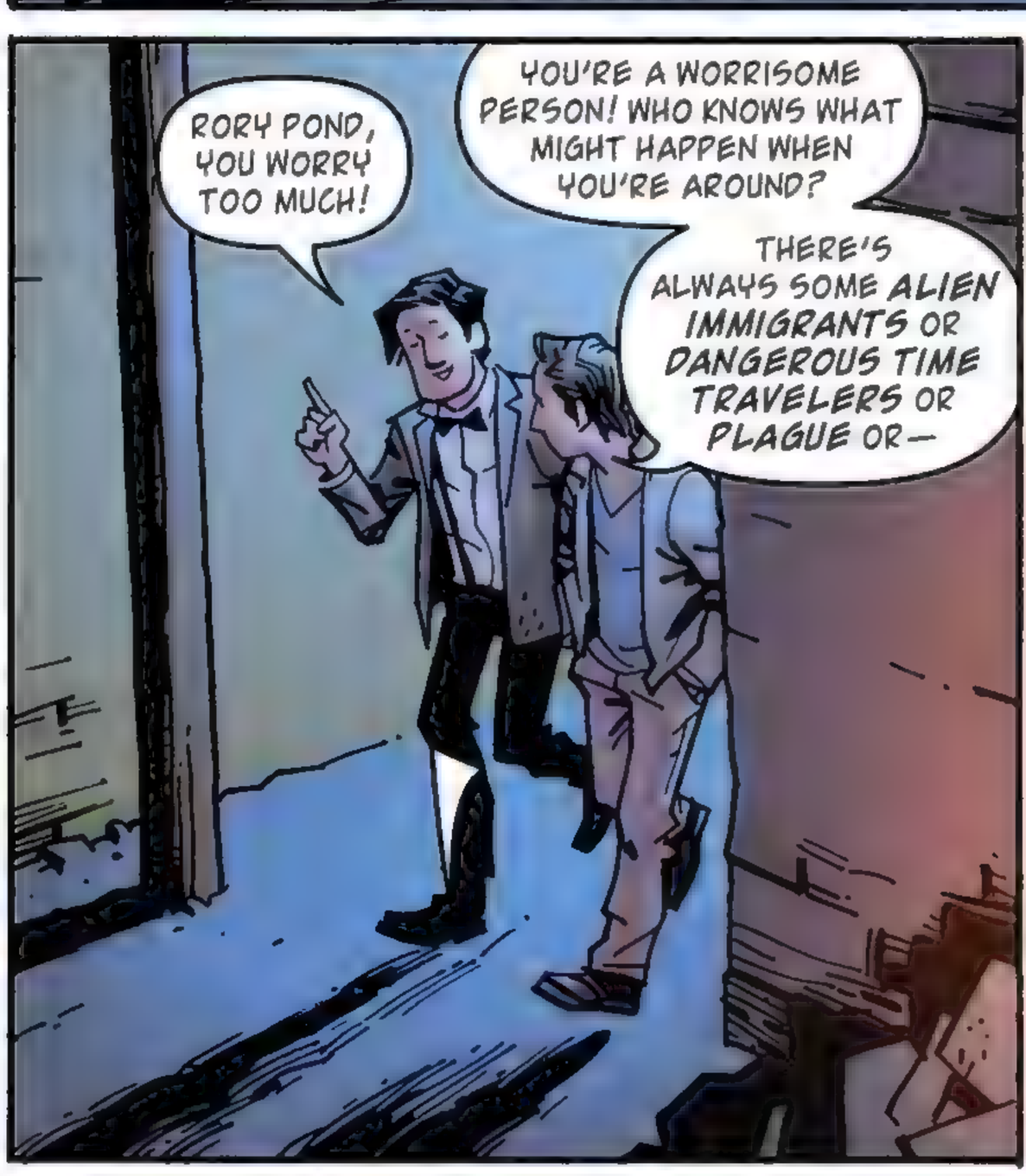
OH, COME ON RORY! WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO LET THAT GO? THAT WAS—
—I WAS GOING TO SAY 200 YEARS AGO, BUT I SUPPOSE IT'S BEEN SOMEWHAT SHORTER FOR YOU, SO—
LET IT GO? YOUR WHOLE HISTORY WITH AMY IS YOU SHOWING UP YEARS LATE!

RORY, IF YOU'RE HAVING COLD FEET ABOUT USING THE TARDIS TO SKIP TO THE END OF THE NIGHT—
—THEN LET'S GO BACK TO THE PUB. EAT SOME FISH AND CHIPS. MAYBE PLAY SOME DARTS...
...HAVE A CONVERSATION...

...ABOUT...

VWORP VWORP
...YES, THAT'S IT! JUST LIKE THAT! YOU'VE GOT TO KEEP THE NEUTRON FLOW STEADY—
—YOU DON'T WANT IT REVERSING UNLESS YOU TELL IT TO!
IT JUST LOOKS LIKE A PINBALL MACHINE TO ME...

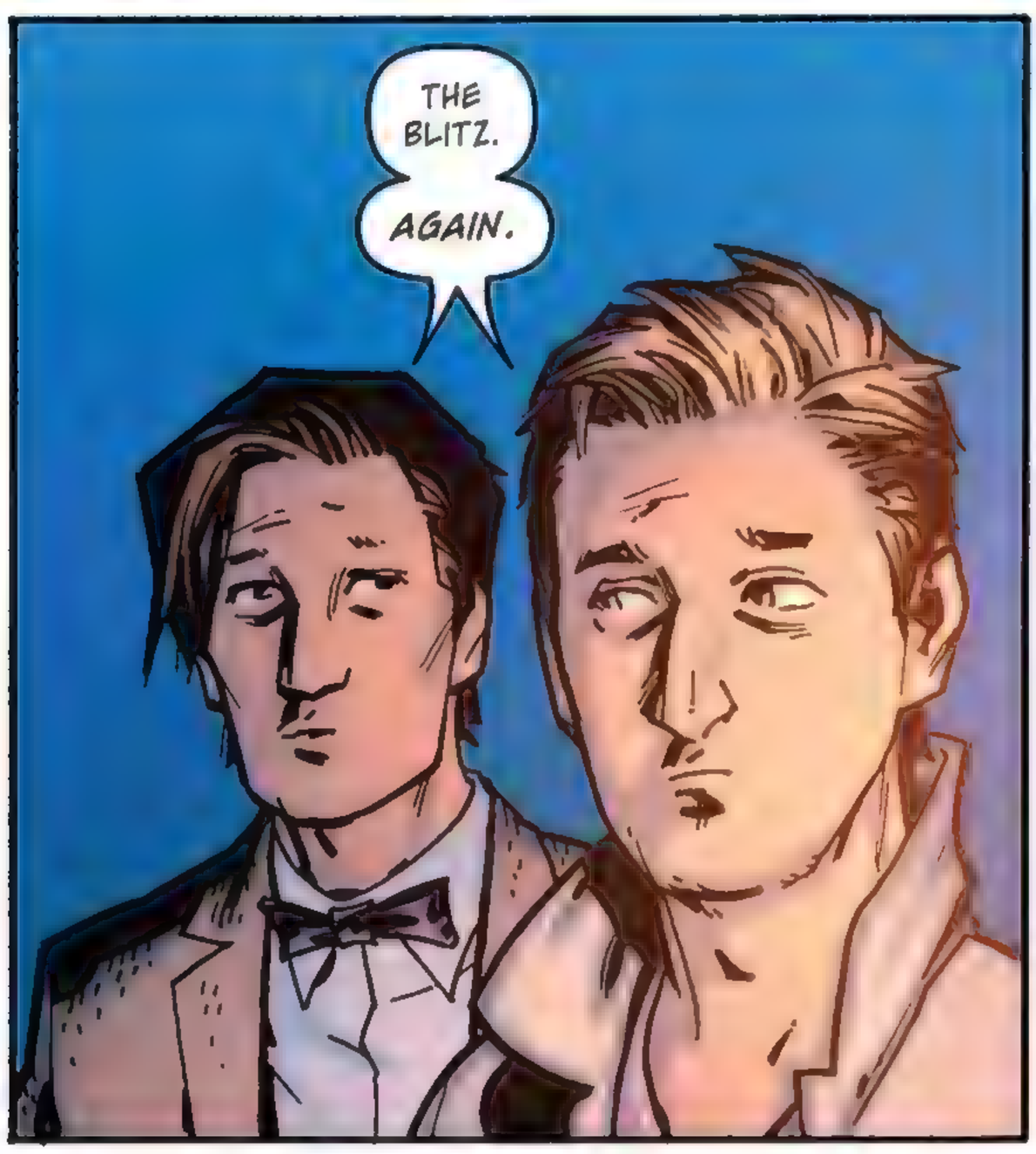
SEE? THE SAME ALLEYWAY! THERE'S ST. GILES IN THE FIELDS, RIGHT WHERE WE LEFT IT. THE TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD TUBE STATION'S RIGHT AROUND THE CORNER—
—OR IT, YOU KNOW, WILL BE, IN APPROXIMATELY—
THE FIRST THING WE DO IS FIND A NEWSPAPER, AND CHECK THE DATE. THEN—
—THEN WE ASK SOMEONE FOR THE TIME OF DAY, AND—

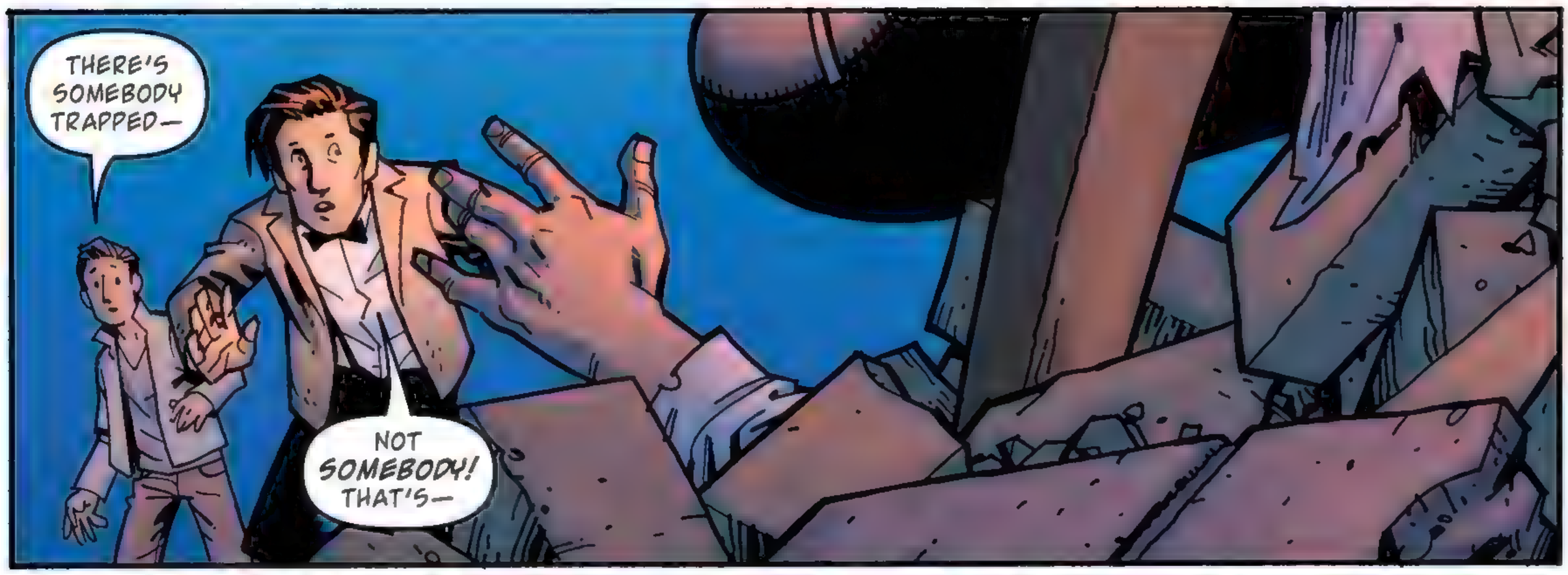

RORY POND, YOU WORRY TOO MUCH!
YOU'RE A WORRISOME PERSON! WHO KNOWS WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN WHEN YOU'RE AROUND?
THERE'S ALWAYS SOME ALIEN IMMIGRANTS OR DANGEROUS TIME TRAVELERS OR PLAGUE OR—

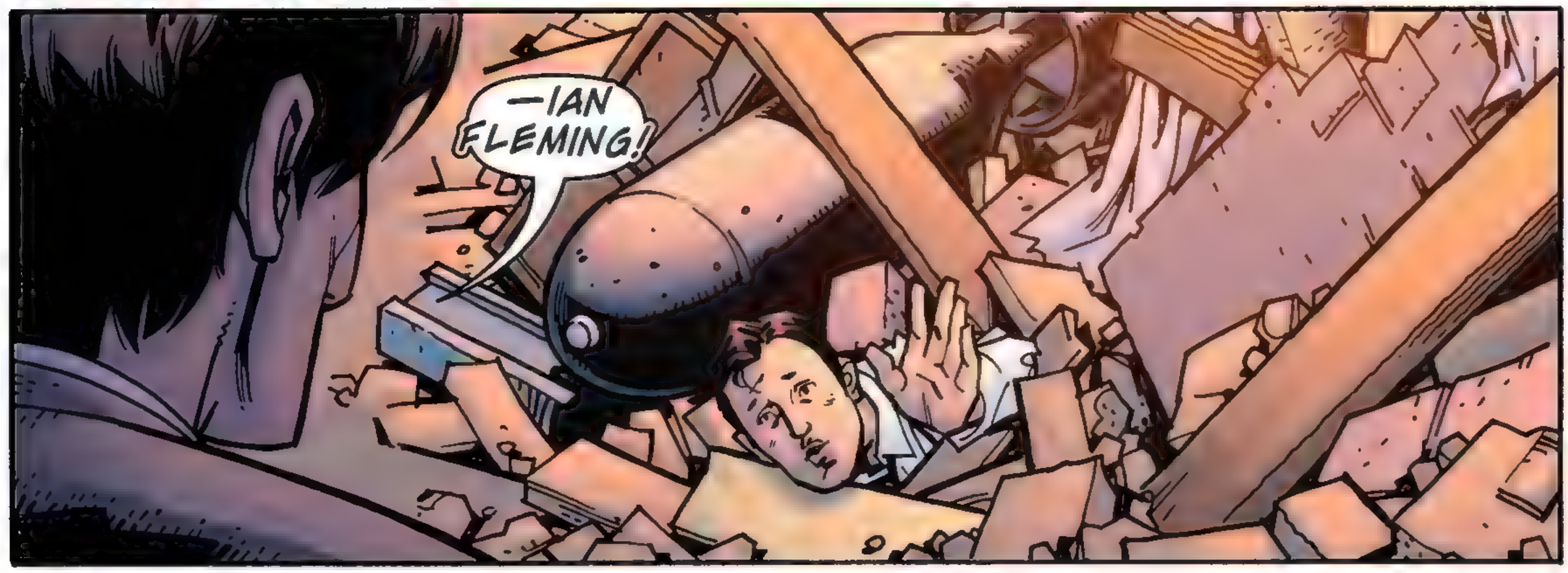
—OR—

LONDON, ENGLAND.

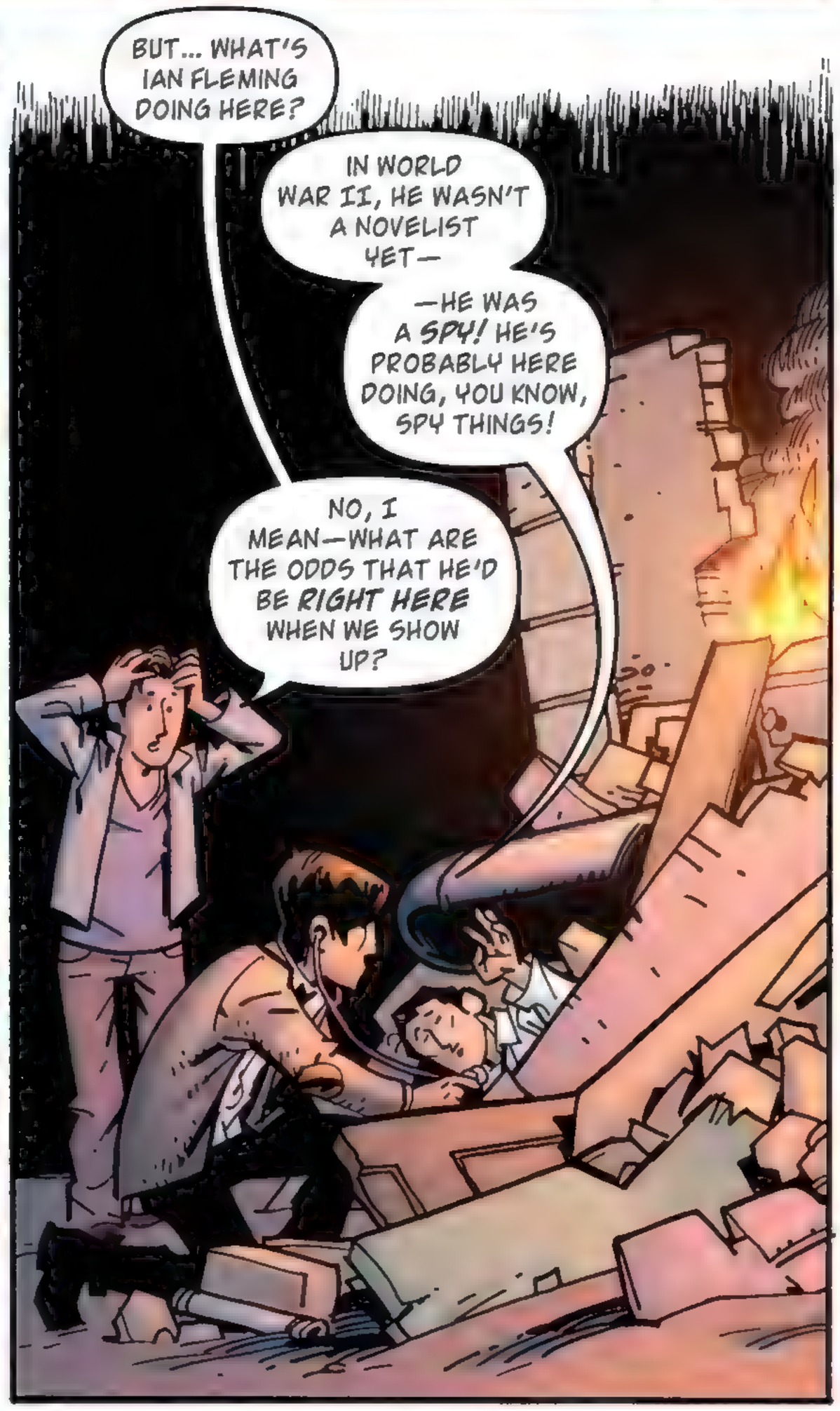
OCTOBER 17, 1940.

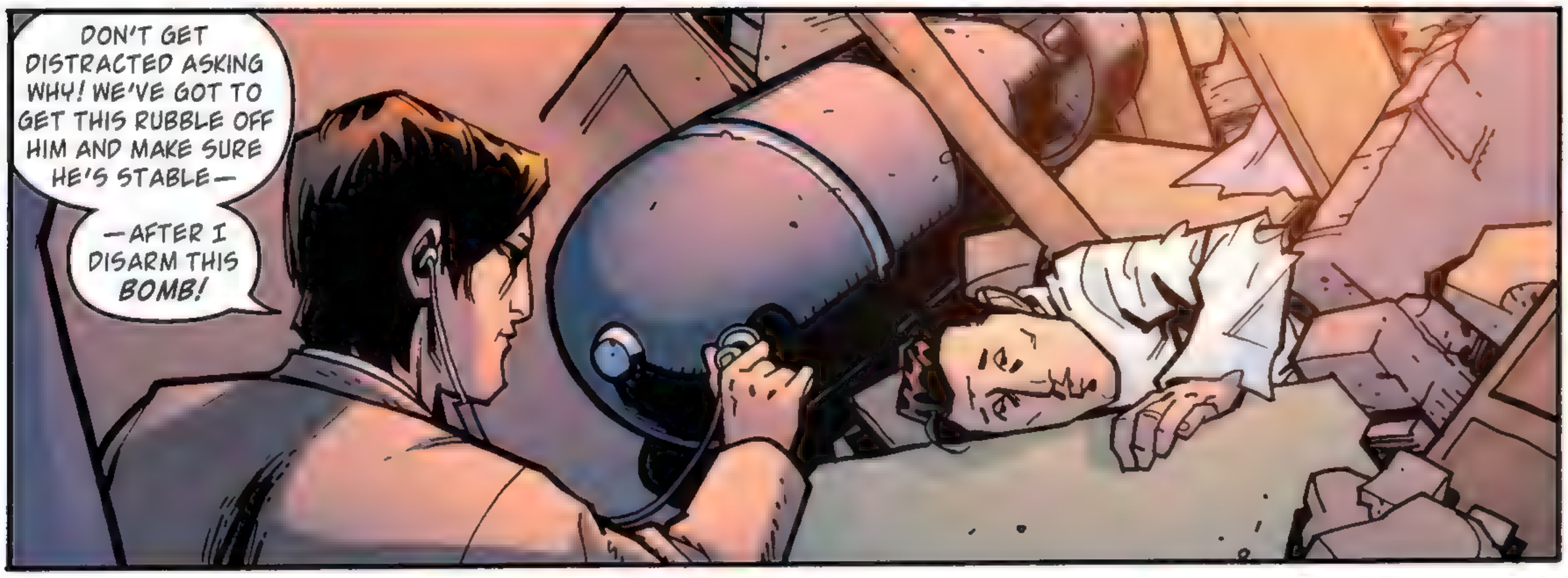


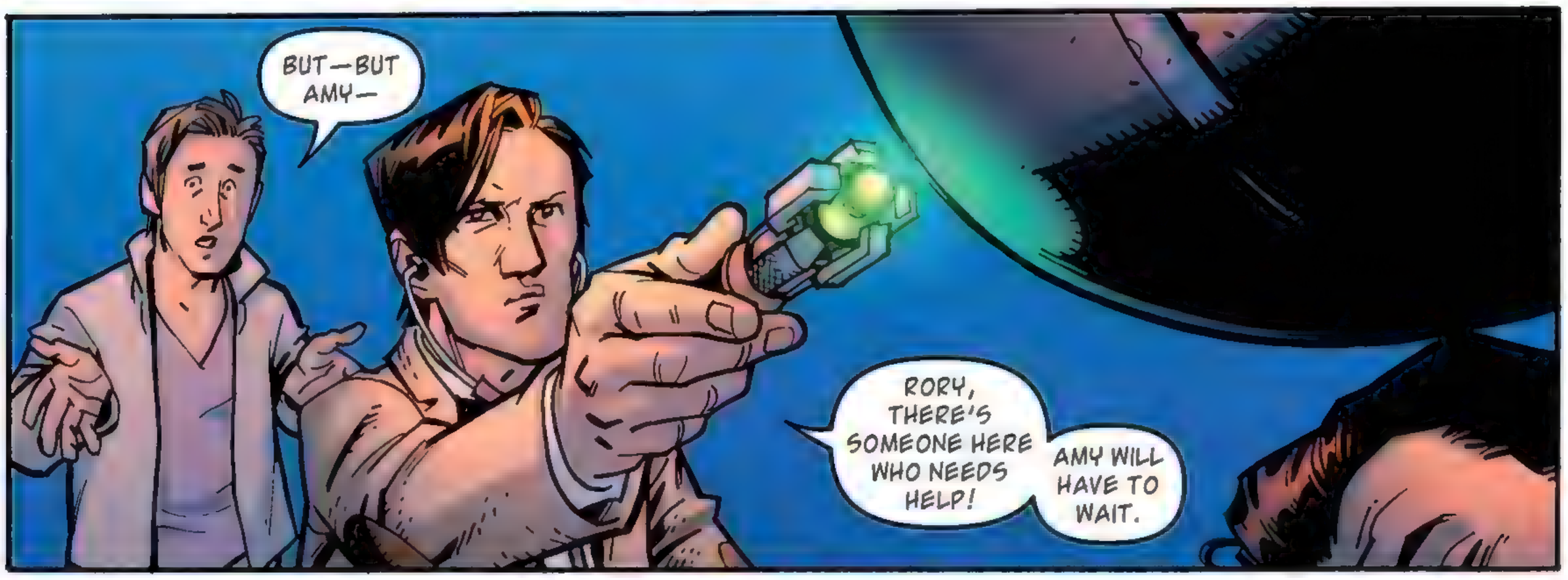

THERE'S SOMEBODY TRAPPED—
NOT SOMEBODY! THAT'S—


—IAN FLEMING!

THE GUY WHO CREATED JAMES BOND?
THE GUY WHO WILL CREATE JAMES BOND— IN ABOUT TEN YEARS—
—IF HE LIVES THROUGH TONIGHT!


BUT... WHAT'S IAN FLEMING DOING HERE?
IN WORLD WAR II, HE WASN'T A NOVELIST YET—
—HE WAS A SPY! HE'S PROBABLY HERE DOING, YOU KNOW, SPY THINGS!
NO, I MEAN—WHAT ARE THE ODDS THAT HE'D BE RIGHT HERE WHEN WE SHOW UP?


DON'T GET DISTRACTED ASKING WHY! WE'VE GOT TO GET THIS RUBBLE OFF HIM AND MAKE SURE HE'S STABLE—
—AFTER I DISARM THIS BOMB!


BUT—BUT AMY—
RORY, THERE'S SOMEONE HERE WHO NEEDS HELP!
AMY WILL HAVE TO WAIT.

YEAH.
THAT'S WHAT I'M AFRAID OF...
BEEP BEEP
OH...
...GREAT.
MY BOYS HAVING FUN? :)

LOADS OF FUN! GOING GREAT! DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME AND THE DOCTOR! D

THEY'RE HAVING FUN! GOOD!
I'M GLAD WE'RE ALL HAVING SUCH A GOOD TIME IN THIS WONDERFUL, SCENIC—

—BORING SLUM. GOD, ISN'T THERE ANYTHING INTERESTING TO SEE IN 1814?
'GEORGE STEPHENSON'S FIRST STEAM LOCOMOTIVE GOES INTO SERVICE.' HOW VERY STEAMPUNK.
OH, 'THE LAST HANGING UNDER THE BLACK ACT'!

ALL RIGHT. FINE. I GIVE UP.
I'LL GO WATCH TV IN THE TARDIS.

...OKAY—

—THAT'S INTERESTING!

THAT'S A VICTORIAN OUTFIT— PEOPLE WON'T BE DRESSING LIKE THAT FOR DECADES YET! AND THAT'S NOT AN EYE PATCH HE'S WEARING—
—IT'S AN EYE DRIVE! HE'S AN AGENT OF THE SILENCE!

SO WHAT'S HE DOING IN A SLUM IN LONDON IN 1814?
THE DOCTOR WILL KNOW WHAT TO—

—NO. THE BOYS NEED TO SPEND TIME WITHOUT ME.
I'LL JUST FOLLOW HIM MYSELF AND SEE WHAT HE'S UP TO. I CAN ALWAYS CALL LATER IF I END UP NEEDING HELP.

I'M SURE I'LL BE FINE...

THAT ALL TOOK... *FOREVER!* AND WE STILL HAVE TO GET BACK TO 1814!

CHEER UP, RORY! YOU JUST GOT TO BE THE INSPIRATION FOR JAMES BOND— TRY TO TAKE *SOME* JOY IN IT!

GETTING BACK IS EASY. I JUST HAVE TO USE—

—THE *FAST RETURN LEVER!*

IT RESETS THE *TARDIS* TO ITS LAST LOCATION IN SPACE-TIME!

SO YOU FLIP THE LEVER—

—AND WE'RE BACK IN THIS ALLEY IN 1814? RIGHT AFTER WE LEFT?

YOU GOT IT!

VWORP VWORP

FROM HERE, IT'LL BE MUCH EASIER TO NAVIGATE A COUPLE HOURS LATER INTO THE NIGHT, SO WE CAN SKIP—

OH, NO! WE AREN'T TRYING THAT AGAIN.

WE'RE LUCKY ENOUGH TO BE BACK WHERE WE STARTED, NO WAY WE'RE GOING TO TEMPT FATE *AGAIN*—

—OH, GREAT. JUST GREAT.

SO, WHAT—RIGHT TIME, WRONG *PLACE?* IT'S 1814—BUT WE'RE IN SPACE?

WE AREN'T IN SPACE. WE'RE JUST SEEING THE NIGHT SKY—THE *TARDIS* LANDED TILTED!

BUT WHY? WHERE'S THE HORIZON? DID WE MATERIALISE ON THE SIDE OF A BUILDING? OR—

AHHHHHH!

YAAAAAH!

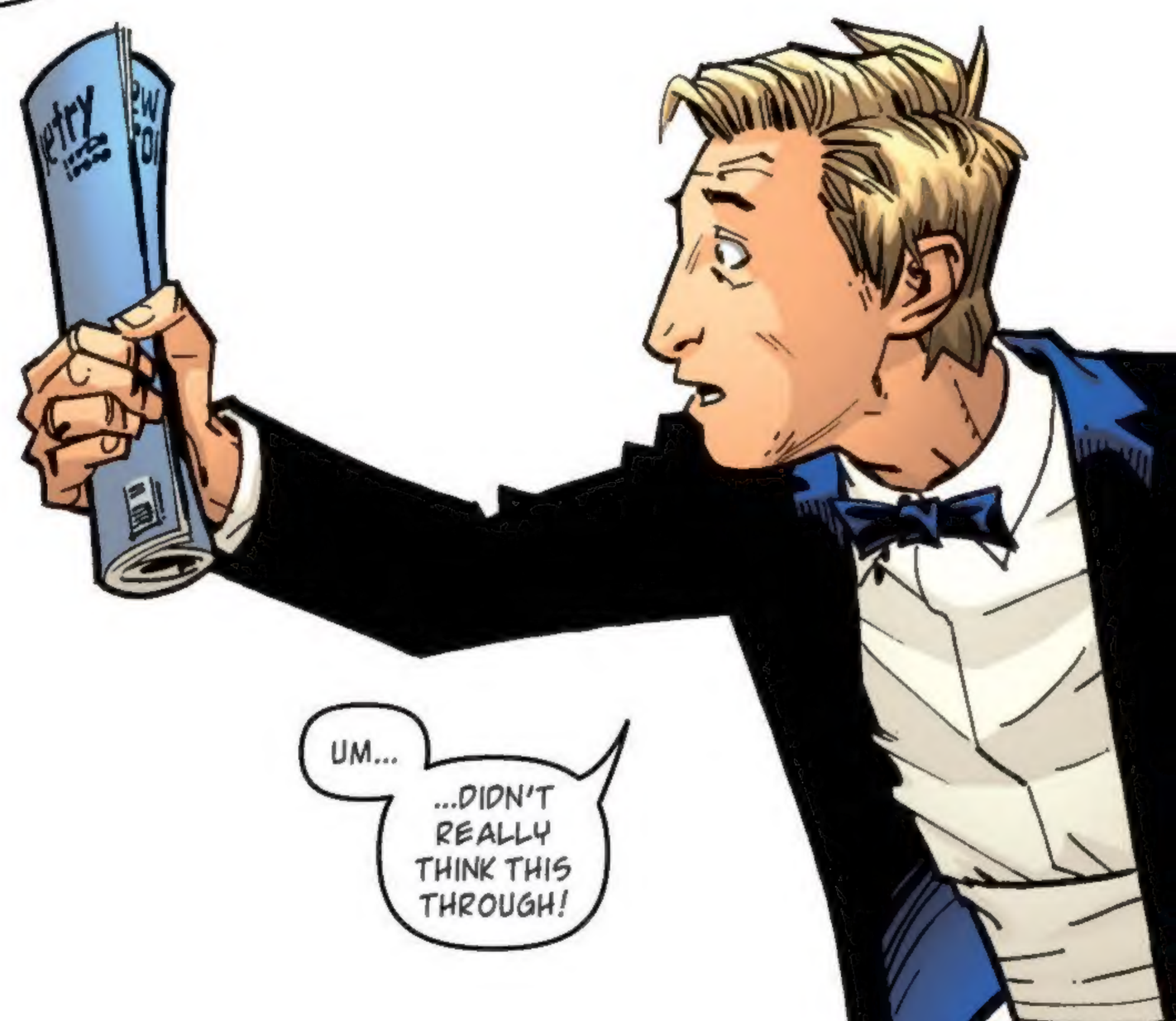
POLICE PU

—AND IT'S BAD. VERY, VERY BAD. WE NEED TO GO GET AMY BEFORE—
DOCTOR! LOOK—

—OUT?

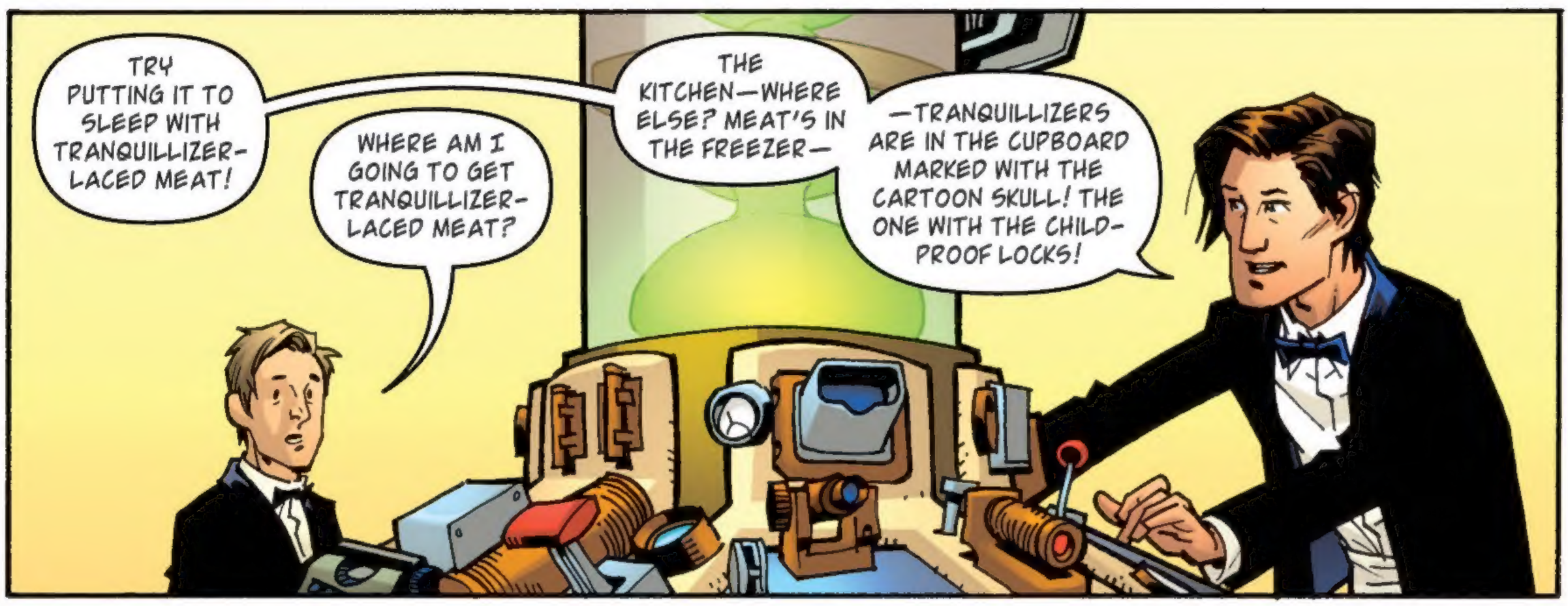
NIIIICE KITTY. GOOOOOOD KITTY.
RORY— WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!
WE CAN'T LEAVE WHILE IT'S ON THE CONSOLE! SO I'M GOING TO—

GRRRRRRR!

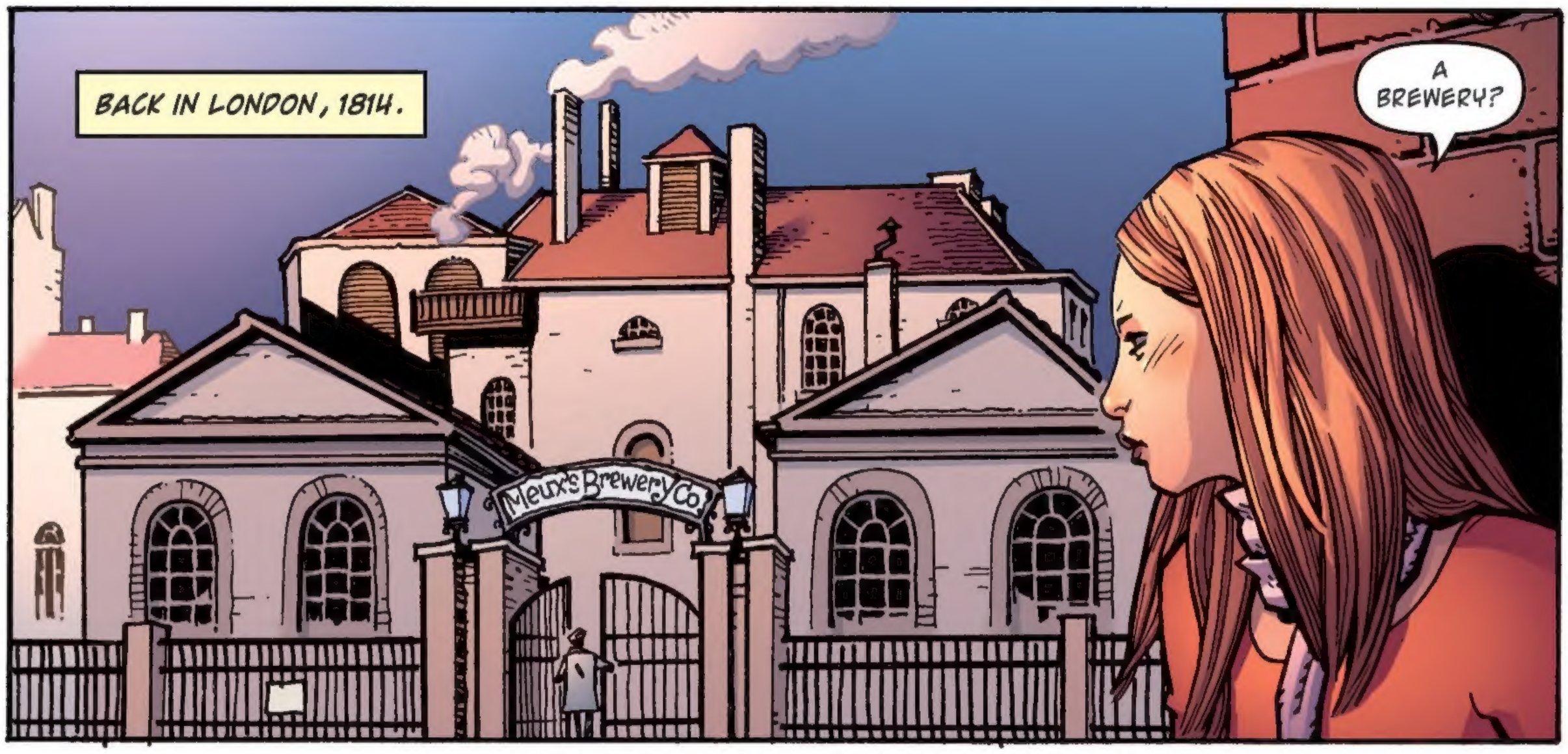

UM...
...DIDN'T REALLY THINK THIS THROUGH!

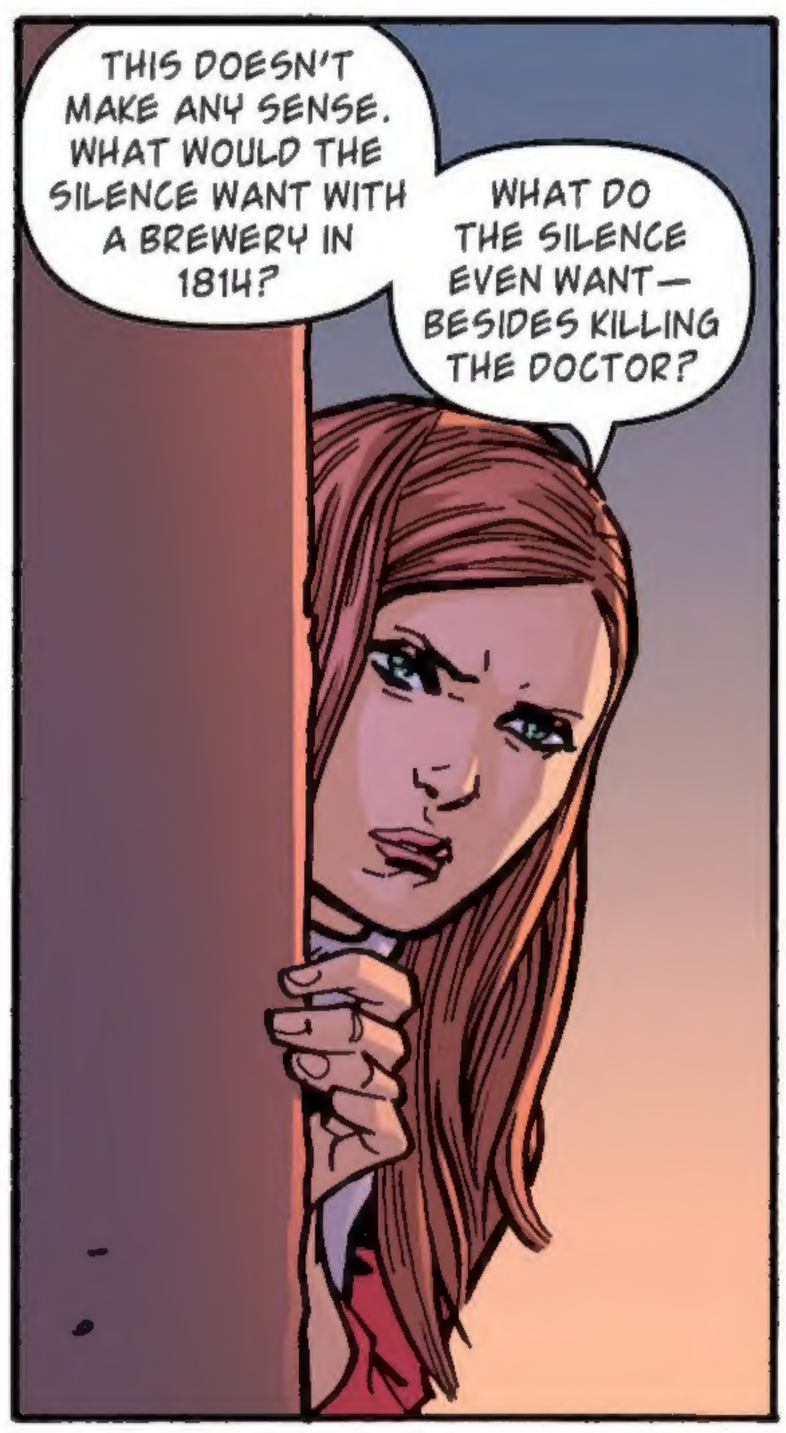
WHAP
MEW?

RORY—
—YOU JUST HIT A SABERTOOTH WITH A MAGAZINE!
I THOUGHT IT WAS GOING TO—UH—SABERBITE ME!
IT'S OFF THE CONSOLE—COULD YOU GET US OUT OF THE TAR PIT AND BACK TO AMY? I'LL GO—UH, CATCH IT OR SOMETHING?


TRY PUTTING IT TO SLEEP WITH TRANQUILLIZER-LACED MEAT!
WHERE AM I GOING TO GET TRANQUILLIZER-LACED MEAT?
THE KITCHEN—WHERE ELSE? MEAT'S IN THE FREEZER—
—TRANQUILLIZERS ARE IN THE CUPBOARD MARKED WITH THE CARTOON SKULL! THE ONE WITH THE CHILD-PROOF LOCKS!

'PERFECTLY ROUTINE'—I SHOULD'VE FIGURED THAT'S DOCTOR-ESE FOR 'EXCEEDINGLY DANGEROUS'...
...I HOPE AMY'S OKAY.
AND TRY NOT TO DIE FOR ONCE!


BACK IN LONDON, 1814.
Meux's Brewery Co
A BREWERY?


THIS DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE. WHAT WOULD THE SILENCE WANT WITH A BREWERY IN 1814?
WHAT DO THE SILENCE EVEN WANT— BESIDES KILLING THE DOCTOR?

GUESS I'LL FIND—

—WHOA!

HEY, COME BACK HERE!
WHAT'D YOU DO, POISON THE BEER? OR—

—OR...

OCTOBER 17, 1814. 6:00 P.M.
THE LONDON BEER FLOOD.
OH...
...LOTS OF BEER...
TO BE CONTINUED!